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NEWS & VIEWS

Married Priests

While the headlines have been occupied by the Dutch, the bishops of northeast Brazil have quietly gone ahead and taken the celibacy question into their own hands.

They've asked married priests to assume pastoral duties in their dioceses.

The initiative involves bishops representing 19 ecclesiastical jurisdictions with 307 parishes and 8-million people.

The reason for their action: a priest shortage created by men leaving to get married. It has dropped the clergy-people ratio to one per 11,000 inhabitants.

Latinamerica Press sees the action as a first step toward official recognition of a married priesthood in that country.

But maybe not. Bishops elsewhere in Brazil are not reacting with enthusiasm to the move in the northeast. The ordinaries of Porto Alegre, Brasilia and Rio de Janeiro seem determined to hold the line.

Rio's vicar general, Msgr. Jose de Castro Pinto, put the matter succinctly, if less than gracefully: "To me a married priest has as much value as a layman cut in half."

Presidential Expenses

In a day of $200.8-billion budgets, what's several hundred thousands more out of public funds for Presidential whim?

Not much, we suppose, except that the emphasis is on thrift, and the expenditures, some of them at least, do smack of indulgence.

There was available, for instance, $130,000 for furniture, carpeting, plumbing and other permanent fixtures for the Western White House. And $46,000 was gotten up for landscaping and the installation of lawn sprinklers.

The San Clemente property has already cost the taxpayer $250,000 for renovation and adaption. Operating costs will be another $100,000 a year.

But the heliport was a bargain. It cost $15,000.

Not such a bargain was the heliport built by the Army at the President's vacation home at Key Biscayne. It ran $342,358.

Ruritania, D.C.

Washington Post readers had a field day with the new look of White House police, who have been regarbed for dress occasions by Nixon in outfits akin to those of palace guards who caught his eye on his trip to Europe last year.

The outfits put one reader in mind of old Shubert productions of *The Chocolate Soldier,* another of the Ice Capades, and still another of performers at a football game halftime show. "Will the chief guard carry a baton?" the writer asked. He suggested that the guard force be officially renamed the "Vatican Tackles."

One reader rose to Nixon's defense: "One shouldn't criticize! After all, since the President was so impressed with European ways and outfits, it might be fun to go monarchy all the way. We could change his title, and he could even have a real crown—handcrafted by some of the current unemployed, whose services could be utilized stitching up those marvelous uniforms. There opens up a whole new vista of allied court activities and consequent job opportunities . . ."

Only a few readers had the ill-grace to note that the President showed off the new uniforms on the same day that he vetoed as too expensive the appropriations bill for health, education and welfare.

Thank God Nixon didn't visit Burma

Necrology

The year past saw the demise of the diocesan papers of Santa Fe, Kansas City, Tulsa and Yakima.

The new year begins with similar inauspiciousness.

The *North-Central Louisiana Register* of Alexandria was phased out Jan. 1, and on Jan. 30 the *Duluth Register* ceased publication.

Reports have several more contemplating every-other-week schedules in hopes of staying alive.

It's all part of the toll of the times on organized religion, and no one and nothing seems exempt.

For instance, just canceled is the 1970 Liturgical Week, slated for Boston in August. What implications in that development!

Time was when Liturgical Week was one of the biggest items on the American Catholic calendar. The event drew 18,000 in St. Louis in 1964. By last year, attendance was down to 1,650.

Freedom's Balance Sheet

The Defense Department infiltrated the Saigon press corps Jan. 8, masquerading agents as newsmen to uncover reporters' sources of information.

Now in the U.S., Federal grand juries are issuing subpoenas corralling notes, files, film and other private data of newspapers, news magazines and TV networks.

It's all an extension of what began in Des Moines and Montgomery.

"First you pistol-whip the mass media, and then you commandeer it for political purposes"—that's the way Senator Harold Hughes words it. He couldn't be more precise.

The Justice Department has allegedly eased the demands of the subpoenas, but pardon our skepticism.

The tactics of Spiro are being sophisticated and broadened.

The intrusions on First Amendment guarantees are flagrant, but thus far there's a remarkable placidness over what's taking place. Media personnel are understandably upset, but most everyone else is holding his cool. The Congress appears the coolest place of all.

Odds and Ends

—The beautiful-people gala at the Waldorf-Astoria for the Eisenhower Medical Center produced "four-and-a-half standing ovations," according to the *Times'* irreverent Charlotte Curtis: one each for Bob Hope, Governor Rockefeller, Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower and the astronauts (Borman, Armstrong and Shirra); a half-of-one for Cardinal Cooke.

—The biggest hand of the evening at the testimonial honoring mayor-emeritus Joe Barr of Pittsburgh went to whom? Barr? Hubert Humphrey? Some sports luminary? Nope. It was accorded Mayor Daley.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

After Hours at the Convent

Reno, Nevada

To the Editors: Had I not experienced "Washington Hospitality" during the Peace March sponsored by Clergy Concerned for Vietnam in February, 1968, I would find it difficult to believe, as Elizabeth DePaulo in her letter in the January 9 issue of *Commonweal* states, that meetings on the parish and diocesan levels would be necessary to decide whether the churches would offer hospitality to those seeking peace.

Well in advance of the 1968 Peace March, a priest friend of mine had arranged for accommodations for me and for other Sister friends of mine, making clear time of arrival etc. However, upon arriving from Chicago, after an all-day drive, we were asked if we had any idea how much we were inconveniencing the Sisters by arriving at such a late hour (11:00 p.m.)! Didn't we know that the Sisters had to get up in the morning *to pray?*

After mentally wishing Sister happy meditating on the Good Samaritan, we set out to find another place to stay, which seemed not to concern Sister in the least. We watched signs along the highway to see if by chance this town could be called Bethlehem.

At the Presbyterian Church we were greeted with a happy smile, a cup of coffee, and an offer "to use anything we have." They offered us not only their own facilities but provided lists of places where we would be most welcome in Washington. Somehow, in the midst of this "prayer" I was saddened by the image of a Sister somewhere in Washington tired not by the hour really but by a rather sterile interpretation of "prayer."

Now, two years later, it is very disconcerting to learn that the encounter related is not just an isolated incident of a good Sister who rose one day on the wrong side of the bed to pray. It seems strange indeed that top-level

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YEAR 10 A.G. – AFTER GREENSBORO

The flood of comments on the '60s which drowned the New Year may have exhausted our tolerance for retrospection. Certainly another anniversary has passed with little notice—it is a decade now since the first sit-ins in February, 1960. The *New York Times* marked the occasion with a round-up story on the Negro's progress in the South. Fair enough, especially at a critical moment for civil rights: Jim Crow's been lying low, but the Supreme Court having cornered him, he seems determined to fight back. Southern politicians in statehouses, observing "Southern strategists" in Washington and knowing the continuing resistance to racial equality in the North, appear tempted to launch a new roll-back-the-clock offensive.

But the sit-ins ought to be recognized as something more than a regional political movement, even when that movement's goal was as important as civil rights. The sit-ins, in fact, more than anything else, initiated the '60s; turned around the style and substance of U.S. politics; set in motion the forces characteristic of the decade. From the first action in Greensboro, North Carolina on February 1, the movement had spread to five Southern states by the end of the month; 351 students had been arrested.

The sit-ins set off student activism. There were precursors, of course: the student opposition to the House Un-American Activities Committee, which had led to a clash with police in San Francisco. But while HUAC is alive and well today, although living under a different name, the sit-ins obtained instant results, if only the complete closing down of numerous lunch counters. Direct action had succeeded where years of more traditional agitation had not. The Birmingham bus boycott was a precedent, but it was different too. Black and white had not confronted one another directly. Confrontation—not necessarily in the more recent sense of violence—meant drama, meant turning to advantage the mass media which supposedly had been stultifying political controversy in the '50s. It also meant personal risk: beatings, arrests, dismissals from traditionalist Negro colleges.

The lessons were not to be lost on students, white and black, who had been raised on an ethos of delayed gratification, whether it was a matter of personal happiness or public welfare. Do well in school, win scholarships, keep your record clean, work your way into the System—and *then* you will

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accomplish something. That was the route for the bright, politically concerned student. The sit-ins cracked the ice on the cool generation. Even before sociologists began proclaiming the emergence of a "meritocracy," the psychological props for their projected future were being knocked out. There is a line connecting the students who risked their entry into the "black bourgeoisie" with today's college drop-out.

From the sit-ins on, a new sense of time was injected into American politics, and that as much as anything has strained the traditional structures and frightened the traditional practitioners. "Freedom NOW!" and, later, "Bring them home NOW!" expressed the new urgency. What did that NOW mean—since only the most fanatic would not finally admit that everything takes some time? It seemed to mean that reform must be visible and constant, and that efforts to overcome the crying problems of the nation must accept a *single* generation as the time limit for their achievement.

Where has all this sense of urgency led? It is hard to judge. The "movement," for example, is now ten years old, the age of the First International when it disbanded, older than many movements which now loom large in the history books. One cannot be sanguine about the "movement's" present state. But the story of that degeneration is part of the story of the Vietnam war, and the bitterness the war has injected into every aspect of American life.

What can be judged at this distance is the unpreparedness of established liberal groups for the new forces which entered political life with the sit-ins. The *New York Times* waited half-a-month before editorializing on the demonstrations; and then, in the day's fourth editorial (just above a eulogy for Lithuania Independence Day), it referred to the "so-called 'sit-ins'," warned of harm to the Southern economy, counseled patience, and placed the matter in the hands of the "effective interracial committees [functioning] in the South for at least a generation. . . . composed of moderate persons of both races. . . ." It is too easy, with the advantage of hindsight to feel superior while reading such editorials. (*Commonweal*, too, counseled patience, although with an awareness of how hollow the advice must sound.) The real point is to recognize the challenge that existed—and exists today—for liberalism: to understand the new era which began with the sit-ins.

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A 'LANDMARK' DECISION

L.A.'s SCOTTSBORO BOYS CASE

On September 18, 1969 22 black and two white San Fernando Valley State College students went on trial in Superior Court in Los Angeles as an outgrowth of a campus demonstration the previous November [*Commonweal* January 31, 1969 and May 23, 1969]. The defendants were charged with having committed 1730 felonies and one misdemeanor during a three-hour sit-in.

The climate of public opinion in Los Angeles was so hostile to student demonstrators—especially black militants—that the defense waived a jury trial. After all, each student if found guilty on all the charges could have been sentenced to 1500 years in prison. Defense counsel, three N.A.A.C.P. black attorneys, preferred taking a chance with Judge Mark Brandler, although he is known in legal circles as a "hanging judge."

The two-month trial was conducted under the most rigid security precautions: defendants, attorneys, witnesses, the press and courtroom spectators were frisked at each session. Prosecution made it evident from the start that this was to be no ordinary felony trial. Judge Brandler was asked by the prosecution not only to decide the guilt or innocence of those charged with committing specific crimes, but to render verdicts that "will reflect the community sentiment on whether colleges and universities should be run by administrators or by students and, more urgently, whether campus militants are above the law of this state. . . ."

The trial hinged on the issue of conspiracy. The prosecution sought to prove that the accused conspired to take over a campus building and hold administrators captive. Although conceding the affair was "no panty raid," defense lawyers argued that the November 4 incidents were spontaneous happenings.

More than 100 witnesses testified. The consensus: that students took over a portion of the college's administration building and that a number of administrators believed they had been held prisoner against their will. Also: that the students caused no property damage and that one administrator had been kicked.

On November 19, 1969 Judge Brandler rendered a verdict that almost everyone agrees was a landmark decision in American jurisprudence. He found 20 students guilty of 588 counts out of the 1409 charges on which they were ultimately tried. In acquitting the defendants of some charges, he denounced their actions as "dastardly," but insufficient evidence forced him "reluctantly" to find them not guilty. Judge Brandler deplored the "tendency towards disruptions" on campuses. He admonished students to accept "modest and gradual" change. "If you resort to violence," he warned, "you will lose your civilization." With this final peroration the judge retired from the bench after 16 years of service—having arranged

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with his superiors to be called back to duty in January to pronounce sentence on the convicted students.

Under California law, county probation officers investigate the background of defendants and offer recommendations to assist a judge in arriving at a fair sentence. Judges usually follow these findings but are not required to by law. In the Valley State case the Los Angeles County Probation Department recommended that 17 of the defendants be granted probation, and that three student leaders be given pre-sentence psychiatric examinations. Judge Brandler on January 28 denounced these recommendations as "completely unrealistic, illogical and not factual."

In his valedictory act the judge then sentenced three students to terms of 1-25 years in state prison. Eight other students were sent to county jail for terms of three months to one year, and were placed on probation for a period ranging up to five years. Seven students were fined various sums and placed on probation. One student had all charges dismissed.

Then, in a most unusual action, the judge denied bail to any defendants sentenced to jail. Thus, 11 students must serve time while their cases are being appealed.

Both the judge and the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office deny there was either racism or a spirit of vindictiveness in the conduct of the trial or in meting out punishment. Still, it must be noted that a white former Los Angeles city councilman convicted of accepting several bribes while in office is currently out on bail while appealing his sentence; that a prominent local white attorney recently was fined $1000 for knowingly using in court a stolen grand jury transcript; that the majority of white defendants in a recent sit-in at U.C.L.A. received gentle treatment by the courts; and that on January 30 two former officials of the Los Angeles Rapid Transit District (white, of course) were fined $1000 for violating California's conflict-of-interest laws in the sale of 50 surplus buses. The presiding judge in this latter episode felt that a fine was a sufficient punishment since the reputation of both gentlemen had already been damaged by the publicity in the case.

Several institutions and individuals have benefited greatly as a result of last year's events. San Fernando Valley State College now has an exciting program of black studies courses in its curriculum. Moreover, under the federally sponsored Educational Opportunities Program the college has admitted several hundred additional black students, and has embarked on a serious recruitment search for minority faculty. The District Attorney of Los Angeles County is currently seeking the office of State Attorney General on a hard-line campus law-and-order campaign. The Deputy District Attorney who handled the Valley State trial moves on to an even more sensational case: the Sharon Tate murders. Law enforcement officials everywhere are heartened because, as the Los Angeles *Times* noted editorially, "conspiracy is usually a difficult allegation to prove. The results of the Valley State case now make it likely, however, that greater efforts will be made by authorities to gather evidence to support a similar charge in certain other cases of illegal campus activism." But the price for all these developments comes high: 16 young people have felony convictions to carry with them for the rest of their lives. There is little wonder that black people frequently refer to Los Angeles as the Selma, Alabama of the West.

SHELDON H. HARRIS

(Sheldon H. Harris is a professor of history at San Fernando Valley State College in Northridge, Calif.)

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THE COALITION OF THE CLEAN

POLLUTION AND THE POOR

There's a memorable scene from a motion picture, "A Night at the Opera," in which the Marx Brothers take part in an antic chase backstage during a performance. Distracting and unrelated painted backdrops—scenes of Grand Canyon, Penn Station, a Venetian canal, etc.—rise and fall behind the distraught prima donna as Harpo and Chico swing Tarzan-like from prop rope to prop rope in an effort to avoid pursuing stage-hands and cops. It's hilarious for the audience, most of whom obviously want to be distracted, but the large female singer, like Queen Victoria, is not amused as she tries to sing her song of tragedy.

America's poor must feel like the unamused opera singer these days. For brief periods in the 1960s the country watched and listened and even reacted constructively when the poor stood center-front to tell their sad tale of deprivation and brutalization. But in the first few days of the 1970s, both the scenario as well as the scenery are being changed. The poor are realizing their brief moment in the spotlight was more like an audition than a "real" play. The producers want to stage something else.

Environment and ecology are the "now" things. We're being told that the space-ship Earth is dirtier than Peanuts' pal, Pig Pen. Pollution, not poverty, is the major orchestrated theme of the Nixon Administration. In his recent State of the Union message, the President evoked an image of 1980 when seven out of 10 persons lived among traffic tangles, suffocating smog, poisoned water, deafening noise and terrorizing crime. An environment

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cleansed of these dreadful conditions would be a welcome sight. These problems are real, not illusionary.

However, the poor—black, white, brown—have always lived among these conditions and his State of the Union message did not acknowledge this. Today, planners plot the Federally-aided freeways through low-income areas; another time, it was the elevated transit that rattled past their walk-up tenements. The steelworkers of Donora, Pennsylvania, or Gary, Indiana, haven't breathed fresh air in their lives—nor their fathers before them. The poor have always been accustomed to trash and rubbish everywhere they walk—any municipal schedule of trash collections is designed to favor middle- and upper-income neighborhoods. Pushers, enforcers, extortionists and others of these lesser breeds without the law have always roamed the low-income neighborhoods. The truth behind the growing concern about environment is that the tax-conscious middle-class, freed from slums but not yet free to spend the season at Sun Valley or in the Caribbean, are now finding *their* neighborhoods full of traffic, dirt, smog, airplane noise and that the pusher is not a furtive figure downtown but instead is their neighbor's shaggy-haired son. The New Deal was generated by middle-class economic distress and the current emphasis on an improved environment is similarly bred.

Advantages of anti-pollution national politics are many for politicians. Because all of us may, in some degree, be fairly held accountable for contributing to a polluted environment, then no one may be held responsible. By discussing the problem in global terms, as do planners with their Year 2000 land-use plans, one becomes drawn to abstractions and inattentive to specific steps to alleviate conditions. This produces scads of rich exhortatory prose and little action. For a Republican Administration, whether county, state or national, this has understandable appeal, susceptible as Republicans are to a rhetoric of fiscal parsimony. For faint-hearted suburban liberals, secretly tired of the bruising civil rights, fair-housing and anti-poverty battles, it is welcome balm. For managerial liberals (Democratic), protected in their high Civil Service perches, it provides a renewed opportunity to rework their treasured blueprints. Democratic presidential Senators see this as a way of securing their party's 1972 nomination "on the cheap." And, over-all, the issue is a unifying one. Clean air and clean water and clean streets. Mr. and Mrs. Clean—smoking their *Winstons* and *Salems*. In this coalition of the Clean, there can be comfortably accommodated the League of Lady Voter and the Civic Leaguer, the Junior Leaguer and the Senior Citizen, the Garden Clubber and the Gun Clubber, the ADA-er and the AMA-er, all bound into a comfy togetherness. Let the hungry eat clean air and clean water and let the children learn on clean streets.

Why be peevish or perverse about it—isn't cleanliness next to Godliness?

Unfortunately, man's uncollegiate relationship to man can not be scrubbed away. (Even on a clean day, there remains Vietnam).

Recently, something called the Environmental Teach-in has designed April 22 as "Earth Day." Students of colleges and universities are urged to stage a "teach-in" that day on the dangers of pollution to life and limb. Of course, the national teach-in is unexceptionable, as long as it does not detract from more important problems. It may, unfortunately, do just that. A national teach-in can only generate a prayerful sigh from the hand-wringers and viewers-with-alarm in the front offices of government and education.

A suggested agenda for a national teach-in should include not only matters of jet aircraft and DDT and smoking buses but larger issues that address themselves to "pollution" of a different sort.

1) Discuss the central question of our time—polluted human relationships—the fragile status of the Negro in America.

2) Discuss the central question of our polluted foreign policy that is preventing peace in Vietnam.

3) Discuss national genocide. The nation is literally murdering its talented men; not without reason does a wall poster sold in Washington stores carry the admonition: "America is not healthy for Kings, Kennedys, children and other worthwhile living things."

4) Discuss with representatives of Brookings Institution, the NAM and the AFL-CIO our polluted economy with emphasis on a general question: "Does insistence on economic growth extract its price in the deterioration of our environment?"

5) Discuss an observation of Suzanne LaFollette, a prominent reformer for women's rights in the 1920s, that the United States is engaged in a vast experiment "to prove that human beings can live a generally satisfactory life without the exercise of the reflective intellect, without ideas, without ideals, and in a proper use of the word without emotions, so long as they see the prospect of a moderate well-being, and so long as they are kept powerfully under the spell of a great number of mechanical devices for the enhancement of comfort, convenience and pleasure."

Such an agenda might dim the approving attitude of General Hershey and Attorney General Mitchell toward the forthcoming national teach-in.

Social change is, by its nature, not a "popular" issue, but an unpopular issue led by unpopular men and women. A nation in the throes of progressive change gathers itself and lurches to the next lamp post and there rests, perhaps for decades. Before the current impulse for change becomes indiscernible, it is hoped that the human spirit be cleansed—after that, the air and water.

Paraphrasing Tom Paine, America mourns the plumage but forgets the dying bird. WES BARTHELMES

(Wes Barthelmes is Administrative Assistant to Missouri Congressman Richard Bolling.)

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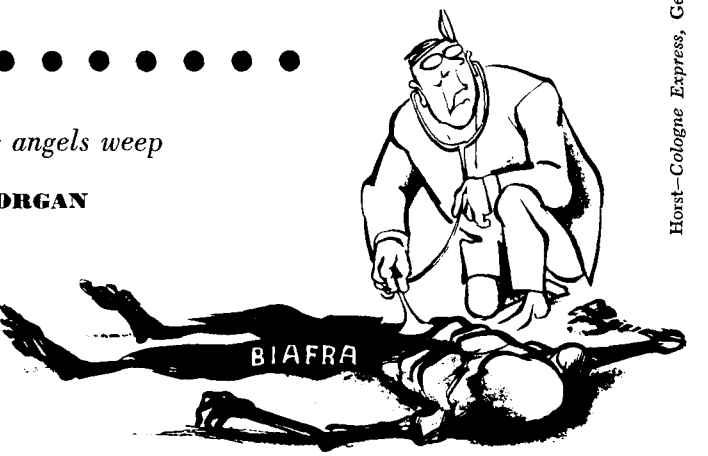
BURYING BIAFRA

A sight to make angels weep

JOHN HORGAN



Horst—*Cologne Express*, Germany

The triumphant Federal Nigerian troops who took Owerri in December and stormed onwards into the heart of the Biafran enclave crying "One Nigeria! One Nigeria!" could have had little idea of the sequence of events their final attack was to unfold, any more than they had any very real idea of the objective for which some of them had been fighting for two-and-a-half years. The death of Biafra is neither an end nor a beginning: it is simply another blood-stained punctuation mark in the long history of hopes betrayed, of ambitions vanquished, and of dubious international involvement, that has been the story of Nigeria ever since its independence was achieved in 1960.

The immediate interest of the world's press has been focused on the truth or otherwise of the allegations of rape, looting and killing which were made by various foreign correspondents on their first trip into the remains of the beleaguered republic, and on the conflict between what the reporters saw and what the international team of observers claimed was really happening. There is a definite conflict of evidence here, and there is no point in denying it. In the face of the open disagreement, only two facts emerge with any degree of consistency—that General Gowon's sincerity in abhorring all acts of violence and pillage cannot be questioned, but that Nigerian soldiers are no more moral than any other soldiers, black or white, when it comes to taking possession of a defeated territory and its defeated people. The problem about a victory is that it implies that the conquering army suddenly has to go into reverse. From a killing agency, it has to become a helping one; and where previously it ranged wherever it wanted, now it is shut up in barracks, irked at the confinement and all too ready to challenge the occasionally inadequate discipline by ignoring orders and taking matters into their own hands.

The stories about starvation are true, too, and the next few weeks will be critical in determining the extent to which unavoidable famine is to be succeeded by avoidable famine. But the quarrels and wrangling which have attended the launching of the relief effort point to an underlying and equally serious problem in the long term: the problem of giving Nigeria some genuine autonomy over its own affairs. It almost seems, indeed, as if the covert international involvement in the war which has been a hallmark of the past three years has been continued into the field of welfare, and that the relief effort is being bedeviled by the same kind of politics. It is a sight to make angels weep.

What is happening, on one level, is a battle for influence in one of the most important independent African countries, and it is a battle in which Britain, France, Russia, and, to a lesser extent, the United States, are all involved. Before the war ended, this battle was largely carried out in terms of arms supplies. Officially Britain and Russia were supplying the Federal side; certain French elements, on the other hand, were helping the Biafrans, although it would probably be going too far to say that any of this aid could be traced directly back to the French Government.

The prize is a rich one. Primarily, it is oil, but there is also the attraction of a large and rapidly expanding consumer market for the producers of any country which happens to be on good terms with the Nigerian Government, and of increasing diplomatic influence in what promises to be one of the most powerful black African countries of all within the next decade. The oil, as has been said, is the key to the struggle for influence. In 1957, Nigeria produced some 570,000 tons of oil. By 1967 this had risen to 16-million tons, despite secession in the middle of the year and the subsequent outbreak of hostilities. In 1968, largely because of the war, this figure had fallen as low as 7-million tons, but by 1969, thanks to the sustained Federal offensive and to fresh discoveries of off-shore deposits, it soared to 26-million

JOHN HORGAN, *journalist and newly-elected member of the Irish Parliament, recently returned from an assignment in Biafra for the* Irish Times.

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tons, making Nigeria the third largest producer of crude oil in Africa, after Libya (150-million tons) and Algeria (44-million tons). This year, if all goes according to plan, they hope to double their output to more than 50-million tons, to become one of the 15 most important oil-producing countries in the world.

There are four main companies involved: Shell-BP, Gulf Oil, AGIP and SAFRAP. The first-named company, with strong British connections, has the lion's share of the production, and has been in operation in Nigeria for over 30 years. Its investments there in 1969 amounted to some £52-million sterling. Gulf Oil, the American company, is a comparative newcomer, and is doing well out of the less politically controversial offshore deposits. Both AGIP (largely Italian) and SAFRAP (French) have, however, been seriously affected by the war, and SAFRAP's future, in fact, looks very bleak. At around the time that the war broke out, SAFRAP was reported to have made a very valuable oil strike near Nsukka, in the northern part of the former Eastern Region, and almost astride its border with the former Northern Region. This, it is generally assumed, is one of the reasons why French arms and ammunition found their way into Biafra in such useful quantities, and why, of the four countries to accord diplomatic recognition to Col. Ojukwu's government, the most useful were the French-speaking ones of Ivory Coast and Gabon. This assumption is shared by the Nigerian Government, which just after the conclusion of hostilities abruptly rejected a £7,000 sterling aid donation from SAFRAP and hinted broadly that acts of penitence, and not just of charity, would be required if the company was to aspire to anything like its former scale of operations.

The Russians alone are without vested interests in the Nigerian oilfields, but they are playing a waiting game. It is more than just a waiting game, of course: their help to the Nigerian Government, especially in the form of the aircraft which were to play a crucial role in the eventual demoralization of Biafran resistance, was vital, and was acknowledged to be such by the Nigerian Ambassador to Moscow, who offered his heartfelt thanks publicly to the Soviet Government as soon as the war was over. Essentially, the current Soviet strategy is to allow the situation to develop at its own pace, without making any spectacular bids for influence, but while making sure that they are not forgotten. In adopting this strategy, the Russians show that they have learned the lessons of the immediately pre- and post-Independence years, when a massive and rather crude campaign to form a power base in Nigeria, especially through the trade unions, proved to be a massive failure—not least because it employed tactics more suitable to traditionally industrialized, European societies, and worked on assumptions which had no basis in African reality. Today their approach is less dramatic and more commonsensical: send aircraft for the war, send medical teams for the peace, and do not push your luck.

The British role, especially in view of Britain's commercial interests in Nigeria, is and has always been more ambiguous. During the last 18 months of the war Harold Wilson's government was under considerable pressure from both left and right to set up an arms embargo, but stoutly resisted it on the grounds that Britain had been one of Nigeria's "traditional suppliers" of arms. Traditions like this can, of course, easily be done away with if politically convenient: what was a much more important factor in the British Government's eyes was the maintenance of British influence, and what better way of doing that is there than by selling people guns for which only you can sell them the ammunition they will also need?

Now that the war is over, the British turnaround, from guns to aid, has been as swift as the Russian one. But here the aim at a re-establishment of influence is much more clearly marked, as is shown by the curious fate of the Irish missionaries. At the time of writing, it seems as if the majority of the Irish missionaries who were inside Biafra when it fell will be expelled, although some will probably be allowed to stay. The expulsions, in fact, have already started. This is perhaps inevitable: the Nigerians have been understandably touchy about the immense Catholic support for Biafra, even though it was expressed in humanitarian terms, and deeply resentful of the charges, which were current early in the war, that they were waging a religious war on behalf of the Northern Moslems.

What is slightly surprising is that the get-the-missionaries-out campaign has been given a considerable impetus by the British High Commission in Lagos as well as by visiting British politicians such as Maurice Foley (himself a Catholic) who is a junior minister at the Foreign Office in Mr. Wilson's Government. The British have often been suspicious of Irish missionary involvement in their colonial and former colonial territories: in the case of Nigeria, where the whole Nationalist movement was led in the '50s by the Ibos from the East (who had been educated by Irish missionaries), they believe twice as strongly that the continued presence of these missionaries is a threat to their influence. As of now, British aid teams have virtually been instructed to refuse all contacts with Irish missionaries in the field, as part of what even independent observers feel is an attempt to convey the impression that war relief in Nigeria is exclusively a British concern.

It is much more difficult to evaluate the role of the United States. It has kept its nose cleaner than most countries over the past two-and-a-half years, which is in itself no small achievement, and the emergence of a kind of Catholic-Jewish axis in New York on the side of Biafra does not appear to have had the same repercussions in Lagos as the Biafran relief effort in Ireland did—although the Irish Government, like that of the United

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States, firmly declined to recognize the Biafran regime. If one were to compile a league table of how the various countries stand at the end of the war, in comparison with the way they stood at its outset (a cynical enough exercise, in all truth, but a politically realistic one), one would put Russia at the top, several points ahead of its former position; the United States second, carefully marking time; Britain third, several points down in view of the convulsions that the conflict engendered at Westminster and in spite of its frenetic efforts to prove that it has always been on the right side; and France a poor fourth, with the possibility of relegation.

But this conflict has been a national as well as an international one, and the next few months will almost certainly see some of the first real changes in the Nigerian political scene for many months. The length and intensity of the war acted to "freeze" Nigerian politics in a way which was altogether unnatural for this volatile country. The country is still ruled by the Army, but the politicians may be expected to become increasingly active, and the cries for further sub-division of the present 12-state structure, in the interests of smaller groupings than are catered for at the moment, will make themselves heard more forcefully. Tribal and regional loyalties, in fact, still impinge so sharply on the unity of the country that some observers have suggested "One man, one state," as a more appropriate slogan. The defeat of secession is not, by any means, tantamount to the defeat of tribalism or regionalism: the question has been shelved, not solved, in spite of assurances to the contrary.

It is to be expected that new political alliances will now begin to be formed in Lagos and elsewhere. In particular, the Army, which has been up to now so intent on fighting the war that it has had relatively little time to get involved in politics as such, will have the opportunity of playing an increasingly important role. It is, it should be remembered, a very big army indeed. Estimates of its strength just before the Biafran collapse ranged upwards to 150,000, most of them ill-trained and fully-armed. This in turn creates another political problem: what is one to do with these men—and with their weaponry?

The greatest political problem of all, or course, is what to do with the Ibos. And, as Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian playwright, pointed out sharply after the war ended, it is doubly difficult to deal with a people who have been defeated. They have fought a long and bitter war and have got less than nothing out of it, but towards whom a mere willingness to forget the past can never be enough. The crucial question is the economic one which, in a sense, lies behind the attitude of Nigerians generally towards the pushful, successful, educated Ibos and their propensity for acquiring the best jobs. Will they get their old jobs back? And will they be treated as equals, or as anything like equals, in the united Nigeria of the future?

General Gowon's government has already issued a long document promising that there will be no discriminatory employment policies in the future, and that Ibos who were formerly public servants have a good chance of getting their jobs back. More than words are needed, however. Many of the jobs which the Ibos use to fill in Lagos and elsewhere have now been taken over by other people and are simply not available any more. In the North, their former trading monopoly has passed, through default, into the hands of the Yorubas, even though their property there has been scrupulously looked after. And in the former Eastern region, there are already indications that they may find it very difficult to re-establish their primacy in Port Harcourt, a city which they made their own at least in commercial terms but which has been excised from the East Central State which they must now, perforce, regard as their homeland. A proportion of the oil to be produced in the future will, however, still come from within this state, and this will be a help, all the more so since under the present financial arrangements in the Federation oil-producing states may—in spite of the fact that oil is regarded as a national as well as a regional resource—keep a substantial share of the revenue for themselves.

But this alone will not solve the problem of the Ibos. It was not only commercial adventurousness and education which drove so many of them to leave the inhospitable area where most of them were born and make their fortunes in other parts of Nigeria, but sheer pressure of numbers. As peace succeeds war, this pressure will build up again, and, whether other Nigerians like it or not, they will eventually find themselves facing for the second time the economic and educational challenge posed by these abrasive and opportunist but enormously talented people. It will not remain an economic and educational challenge, but will inevitably become a political one as well. When this happens, the stresses and strains that have been papered over by more than two years of war will become evident again.

The future development of Nigeria, both political and economic, is of immense importance, not only for West Africa but for the entire African continent. If it achieved a reasonable measure of stability, for instance, it could well become a vital source of the funds necessary to carry out a sustained war against apartheid in Southern Africa. This is not a prospect which South Africa or Portugal can view with equanimity and which, together with the obvious Catholic link, was probably one of the reasons why Portugal stuck by Biafra virtually to the end. It would have been very convenient for her to have had such a sphere of influence in black Africa, at a time when her own colonies are far from adequately protected.

But for this to happen, Nigeria must remain united. Further secession is clearly out of the question, but this is not to say that unity exists. The "One Nigeria" ideal is no longer the nightmare it was before the war ended, but it is still a phantasm.

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THE SCARS OF VIETNAM

What the war is doing to the Americans who must fight it— the testimony of a noted psychiatrist

ROBERT JAY LIFTON

(Editor's note: On January 27, the Subcommittee on Veterans' Affairs, chaired by Sen. Alan Cranston, heard testimony from Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, Foundation Fund Professor for Research in Psychiatry at Yale. The Subcommittee is investigating such questions as veterans' rights and the condition of VA hospitals; Dr. Lifton's testimony on the psychological problems of veterans, however, holds broad implications for the entire society. Winner of the National Book Award in Science for Death in Life; Survivors of Hiroshima, *Dr. Lifton is also the author of* Revolutionary Immortality: Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Cultural Revolution *and* History and Human Survival, *a collection of essays just published by Random House.)*

I have done psychiatric work at a number of Veterans hospitals and outpatient clinics, and at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. During the Korean War I served as an Air Force Psychiatrist in Korea and Japan. I have spent almost seven years living and working in the Far East, and made visits to Vietnam in 1954 and in 1967.

I have done research on such "extreme situations" as the psychological aspects of Chinese thought reform (or "brainwashing"), and the psychological effects of the atomic bomb in Hiroshima. I have been greatly concerned with the application of psychological methods to the study of historical events, and with the general psychology of the *survivor*.

I would like to comment upon the psychological predicament of the Vietnam veteran, both from the standpoint of war in general and of the nature of this particular war.

For veterans of any war there is a difficult transition from the "extreme situation" of the war environment to the more ordinary civilian world. This was noted after World War I, World War II, and the Korean War, but only recently have we begun to appreciate the problem from the standpoint of the psychology of the survivor. The combat veteran of any war has survived the deaths of specific buddies, as well as the deaths of anonymous soldiers on his and on the enemy's side. He survives the general war environment, within which he was taught that killing was not only legitimate but proper and necessary.

Upon returning to civilian life the war veteran faces several important psychological tasks in relationship to the deaths he has witnessed. He must, first of all, struggle with anxiety he continues to feel, often in association with the indelible images of death, dying and suffering that constitute the survivor's "death imprint." He must also struggle with feelings of guilt and shame resulting directly from the war experience. These guilt feelings can relate simply to the fact that he survived while so many others died, or they may focus upon the specific death of one particular buddy who in some way, he feels, was sacrificed, so that he, the veteran, could go on living. His sense of guilt may also relate to his having killed enemy soldiers, or having done various other things in order to stay alive. But his over-all psychological task is that of finding meaning and justification in having survived, and in having fought and killed. That is, as a survivor he must, consciously or unconsciously, give some form to the extreme experience of war, in order to be able to find meaning in all else he does afterwards in civilian life.

These psychological tasks are never perfectly managed, and as a result the veteran may experience anything from a mild readjustment problem to disabling forms of psychiatric impairment. Typically, the returning veteran manifests a certain amount of withdrawal from civilian life, a measure of distrust of the civilian environment—a feeling that what it offers him may well be counterfeit—and some confusion and uncertainty about the meaning of his wartime experience and of his future life. His overall adjustment is greatly influenced by the extent to which he can become inwardly convinced that *his* war, and *his* participation in that war, had purpose and significance.

All of this is true for the Vietnam veteran. But in addition his psychological experience is influenced by certain characteristics of the war in Vietnam. The average Vietnam GI is thrust into a strange, far-away, and very alien place. The Vietnamese people and their culture are equally alien to him. Finding himself in the middle of a guerrilla war in which the guerrillas have intimate contact with ordinary people, the environment to him is not only dangerous and unpredictable but devoid of landmarks that might warn of danger or help him to identify the enemy. He experiences a combination of profound inner confusion, helplessness and terror.

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Then he sees his buddies killed and mutilated. He may experience the soldier-survivor's impulse toward revenge, toward overcoming his own emotional conflicts and giving meaning to his buddies' sacrifices by getting back at the enemy. And in an ordinary war there is a structure and ritual for doing just that—battle lines and established methods for contacting the enemy and carrying out individual and group battle tasks with aggressiveness and courage. But in Vietnam there is none of that—the enemy is everyone and no one, never still, rarely visible, and usually indistinguishable from the ordinary peasant. The GI is therefore denied the minimal psychological satisfactions of war, and, as a result, his fear, rage, and frustration mount.

At the same time he notices that the South Vietnamese fight poorly or not at all; and rather than ask himself why this is so, he tends to associate them with the general corruption and deterioration he sees all about him. Any previous potential for racism is mobilized and he comes to look upon Vietnamese as inferior people or even nonhuman creatures.

This dehumanization of the Vietnamese by the individual GI is furthered by his participation in such everyday actions as the saturation of villages with bombs and artillery fire, and the burning of entire hamlets. Observing the death and injuries of Vietnamese civilians on such a massive scale, and the even more massive disruptions of village life and forced relocations, he cannot but feel that the Vietnamese have become more or less expendable.

That is why Vietnam veterans I have talked to were not really surprised by the recent disclosures of atrocities committed by American troops at My Lai and elsewhere. Virtually all of them had either witnessed or heard of similar incidents, if on a somewhat smaller scale. Hence Paul Medlo's public statement that what he and others did at My Lai "seemed like it was the natural thing to do at the time." Another former infantryman, Terry Reed, who described a similar incident elsewhere, made a public statement of even greater psychological significance. He said: "To me the war was being ambushed every three to five days, being left with scores of wounded GIs. Then come right back at the enemy by going into an innocent village, destroying and killing the people." What these words suggest is how, under the extraordinary stress of an impossible situation, GIs come to see all Vietnamese, whatever their age or sex or affiliation as interchangeable with the enemy, so that killing any Vietnamese can become a way of "coming right back" at those responsible for wounding or killing their own buddies.

Medlo went on to say that immediately after killing a number of Vietnamese civilians he "felt good" and that "I was getting relieved from what I had seen earlier over there." Applicable here is an established psychological principle that killing can relieve fear of being killed. But there is something more operating in connection with these massacres: the momentary illusion on the part of GIs that, by gunning down these figures now equated with the enemy—even little babies and women and old men—they were finally involved in a genuine "military action," their elusive adversaries had finally been located, made to stand still, and annihilated—an illusion, in other words, that they had finally put their world back in order.

Other veterans have reported witnessing or participating in killings of civilians without even the need for such an illusion. Sometimes these killings have been performed with the spirit of the hunter or the indiscriminate executioner—pot shots at random Vietnamese taken from helicopters, heavy fire directed at populated villages for no more reason than a commanding officer's feeling that he "didn't like their looks." In addition there have been many accounts of such things as the shoving of suspects out of helicopters, the beheadings of Vietcong or Vietcong suspects, and of various forms of dismembering the bodies of dead Vietnamese.

Actions such as these require an advanced state of what I have called psychic numbing—the loss of the capacity to feel—and of general brutalization. Where such actions are committed in a direct face-to-face fashion—without even the psychological protection of distance that is available to those who drop bombs from the sky or direct long-range artillery fire—the psychological aberration and the moral disintegration are very advanced indeed. For while there is little ethical difference between killing someone far away whom one cannot see, and looking directly into the victim's eyes from five or ten feet away while pulling the trigger, there is a considerable psychological difference between the two acts.

The Vietnam GI also is profoundly affected by atrocities committed by the Vietcong, by South Vietnamese soldiers, and by South Korean forces. All of these contribute both to his numbing and his brutalization. But it is one's own atrocities that haunt one most. And no one can emerge from that environment without profound inner questions concerning the American mission in Vietnam and the ostensibly democratic nature of our allies there—even if, as is often the case, the GI resists these questions and keeps them from his own consciousness.

Whatever kind of adjustment the returning Vietnam veteran appears to be making, he must continue to carry images of these experiences inside of him. Survivors of a special kind of war, these men constitute a special kind of veterans' group. Murray Polner, a historian who has now interviewed more than two hundred Vietnam veterans as part of an investigation of their experiences, has found that none of the men he talked to—not one of them—was entirely free from doubt about the nature of the American involvement in Vietnam. This does not mean that all of them actively oppose the war, but rather that as a group they have grave difficulty finding inner justification for what they have experienced and what they have done.

That is exactly what former Army Captain Max Cleland, a triple-amputee, meant when he told this Subcommittee last month: "To the devastating psychological effect of getting maimed, para-

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lyzed, or in some way unable to reenter American life as you left it, is the added psychological weight that it may not have been worth it; that the war may have been a cruel hoax, an American tragedy, that left a small minority of young American males holding the bag." It is also what a 19-year-old marine who had lost part of his leg and was awaiting medical discharge meant when he told Polner (as quoted in *Trans-action* magazine, November, 1968): "I think any other war would have been worth my foot. But not this one. One day, someone has got to explain to me why I was there." This inability to find significance or meaning in their extreme experience leaves many Vietnam veterans with a terrible burden of survivor guilt. And this sense of guilt can become associated with deep distrust of the society that sent them to their ordeal in Vietnam. They then retain a strong and deeply disturbing feeling of having been victimized and betrayed by their own country.

As a result many continue to be numbed as civilians, the numbing now taking the form of a refusal to talk or think about the war. Some become almost phobic toward television broadcasts or newspaper reports having anything to do with the war. A number of those I spoke to could only take jobs permitting them to remain isolated from most of their fellow Americans, often night jobs. One Vietnam veteran told me, "I worked at night because I couldn't stand looking at those nine-to-five people who sent me to Vietnam." Yet these men are also affected by the deep ambivalence of the general American population about the war in general, an ambivalence which extends to those who have fought it. It is difficult for most Americans to make into heroes the men who have fought in this filthy, ambiguous war, and if they try to do so with a particular veteran there is likely to be a great deal of conflict and embarrassment all around. There is in fact an unspoken feeling on the part of many Americans that returning veterans carry some of the taint of that dirty and unsuccessful war.

From work that I and a number of others have done on related forms of war experience and survival, we can expect various kinds of psychological disturbance to appear in Vietnam veterans, ranging from mild withdrawal to periodic depression to severe psychosomatic disorder to disabling psychosis. Some are likely to seek continuing outlets for a pattern of violence to which they have become habituated, whether by indulging in antisocial or criminal behavior, or by, almost in the fashion of mercenaries, offering their services to the highest bidder. Similarly, many will hold onto a related habituation to racism and the need to victimize others. Any of these patterns may appear very quickly in some, but in others lie dormant for a period of months or even years and then emerge in response to various internal or external pressures.

What I have been saying is that we cannot separate the larger historical contradictions surrounding the American involvement in Vietnam from the individual psychological responses of our soldiers. Indeed the Vietnam veteran serves as a psychological crucible of the entire country's doubts and misgivings about the war. He has been the agent and victim of that confusion—of on the one hand our general desensitization to indiscriminate killing, and on the other our accumulating guilt and deep suspicion concerning our own actions. We sent him as an intruder in a revolution taking place in a small Asian society, and he returns as a tainted intruder in our own society. Albert Camus urged that men be neither victims nor executioners. In Vietnam we have made our young men into both.

Of course Vietnam veterans need and deserve improved medical and psychiatric facilities, as well as better opportunities for education and employment. But if we are really concerned about the psychological and spiritual health of America's young men—and indeed, about our own as well—we shall cease victimizing and brutalizing them in this war.

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MICHAEL CUDDIHY

NIGHT POEM

It is late and there is no moon.
Alone on the bank I listen for sounds
From the dry river. A pulse of crickets
Rises and falls. By starlight the sand
Is the color of fresh cork. I breathe . . .

Trees face me on the far bank
With a darkness older than myself—
The stillness within. If I cross
Over there I can rest. In the foliage
The sky looks big enough for a man
To walk through. Still, I cannot
Reach the star growing there.

Downriver, I know, the cottonwoods
Wait like sudden mountains. My feet
Are planted in darkness. Why is it
Only the mind will not let go?
Somewhere an elf owl sits crying.

The star is on dead center.

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MUST CHRISTIANS BE ANTI-SEMITIC?

Christian tradition and the mystery of the Jews

MICHAEL ZEIK

"Most miserable of all men," men who are "lustful, rapacious, greedy, perfidious bandits, inveterate murderers, destroyers, men possessed by the devil," whom "debauchery and drunkenness have given the manners of the pig and the lusty goat": this is St. John Chrysostom's pre-ecumenical description of the Jews. As for the synagogue, wrote this Fourth Century Father of the Church, not only was it a theater and a house of prostitution, but a "repair of wild beasts," and the "domicile of the devil, as are also the souls of the Jews."

In 1933, the German Chancellor who had just taken office called in one of the Catholic prelates to have a talk with him. Hitler pointed out to Bishop Berning that the Nazis wished only to pursue the same basic policy of the Church towards the Jews for the past 1,500 years. The Church had always regarded the Jews as malevolent parasites, and had shunted them out of civil society into a ghetto. He, Hitler, would make their exclusion even more iron-clad. It seems that Bishop Berning could not refute the logic of the Nazi position.

Let us not piddle around when a man has something important to say. *Anti-Semitism and the Christian Mind* by Alan Davies, of the University of Toronto (Herder and Herder, $5.95), is not just a philo-semitic treatise which recalls the horrors of the past and urges Christians to be more "Christian" to the Jews. The central question of the book, as I read it, is whether to *be* a (traditional) Christian means to *be* an anti-semite! By definition. That is, does the dogma of the traditional Church, issuing out of the New Testament and the Fathers of the Church, simply *preclude* the possibility of Christians' treating Jews as sons of the same Father, of equal worth, of equal dignity?

Even Paul's Epistle to the Romans (IX through XI), so full of awe for the Jewish role in salvation-history—the text used by Christian ecumenists to defend the Jews against curial theology—seems to Davies to leave no room for Jewish *self*-understanding. The Jew, here, is still some kind of eschatological object to be converted at the end of time. And, it follows, that all those Christian theologians who wrote out of the Pauline tradition, including such impeccable anti-Nazis as Jacques Maritain and Karl Barth, have merely perpetuated the sacred myths out of which political persecution takes shape.

Now, Christian liberalism, says Davies, has three marks. First, an acceptance of *reason* as part of the universal *logos*. Should any aspect of dogma or tradition, therefore, offend reason by leading directly to the degradation or persecution of one's brother, it must be suspect.

Anti-Semitism and the Christian Mind
ALAN DAVIES
Herder and Herder, $5.95

Secondly, Christian liberalism is marked by its preoccupation with ethical (not mystical, liturgical, or organizational) concerns, as center of religious faith. Here again, one must reject any mystical view of the role of the Jewish people in salvation-history which leads to the humiliation, not to say the extermination of this people.

And finally, Christian liberalism is marked by its openness to other cultures and religions. On all three counts the traditional Christian belief in the "mystery of the Jews" as a cast-off, wandering, "witness" people, testifying to the historical authenticity of the Messiah they have rejected, must itself be rejected.

I hope that I have in these few paragraphs been faithful to the problem posed by Davies. It is no pseudo-problem. I subscribe, myself, to all three tenets of Christian liberalism. Yet I don't think Davies entirely solves the problem (not too harsh a criticism in light of the fact that the Gospels don't solve it all either).

In the first place, Davies is not only up against Christian tradition regarding the "mystery of the Jews," but up against Jewish tradition as well. In the long run if we want to tidy up the universe, wouldn't it be better to shed *all* ideas of the religious uniqueness of the Jew, God's covenant with Israel, etc. Does not Davies ultimately have to join Richard Rubenstein in the suggestion that the Jews themselves discard the socially dangerous concept of "chosenness"? "Can we really blame the Christian community," asks Rubenstein (in *After Auschwitz*), "for viewing us through the prism of a mythology of history when we were the first to assert this history of ourselves?" Mr. Davies, reread,

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if you will, the threats that Moses holds over the head of Israel, should the chosen people transgress from the way (Exodus, 28)!

What does the theological liberal do here? In some ways it seems sheer lunacy to try to be "rational" about Israel. In any case it is unreasonable to be more reasonable than the opaque facts permit. And if the history of Israel is anything, it is opaque! The Old Testament, too, makes dangerous reading. Who will reduce the history of this people to a mere sociological twist?

Yet, Davies is right, when we start framing theological constructs about the Jewish people, we had better remember that dogmas have consequences, and we'd better be pretty damn careful with our constructs.

Danger aside, I don't think it's bad theology to hold that Israel continually fails Yahweh, *provided* we keep in mind one of the most promising insights of contemporary ecumenism (well described by Mr. Davies, himself): Israel is the chosen totality which *includes Synagogue and Church*. Yes, Israel, (Jewish and Christian) continually fails Yahweh; Israel, both Jewish and Christian, is marked with the sign of Cain. (So, also, it seems to me, are the Muslims, the Hindus, and, more recently, the Africans.)

Having parted company with Prof. Davies at this point, I find myself, paradoxically, together again with him at the end of the book, where he offers some practical guidelines to future Jewish-Christian relations. First, Protestants and Catholics who have, of late, been apologizing to one another for harsh deeds of the past, ought, manfully, to apologize to the Jews for far worse deeds.

Secondly, dialogue, if it is possible at all, must be engaged in free of all proselytizing intent. Moreover, this soon after Auschwitz about all we can hope to accomplish in such dialogues is what Rabbi Arthur Gilbert calls, "the exorcism of demons"—that is, that each partner in the dialogue must "come to understand the real rather than imaginary character of the other's worldview." Eventually, some years hence, Jew and Christian (who together comprise "Israel-in-schism") might join in a mutual search for more light on the human situation.

Davies has noted that Catholics seem presently more open to a new relationship with Jews than are the Protestants—he suggests this is because "traditionalism," with all its defects, is a more living and flexible life-style than "biblicism." Jewish thinkers have reported the same thing to me about the Catholic response. Whatever the reason may be, it is worth noting that the Vatican Secretariat for Christian Unity recently issued (Dec., '69) the best statement on the Jews ever to come out of Rome.

The statement read in part: "Jesus, as also his disciples, was a Jew. The points on which he took issue with the Judaism of his time are fewer than those in which he found himself in agreement with it." Again, "Relations between Christians and Jews have for the most part been no more than a monologue. A true dialogue must now be established. The condition of dialogue is respect for the other as he is, for his faith and religious convictions. All intent of proselytizing and conversion is excluded." And finally, "Cognizance is increasingly being gained in the church of the actual place of the Jewish people in the history of salvation and of its permanent election. This fact points toward a theological renewal and toward a new Christian reflection on the Jewish people that it is important to pursue."

"Pauline," this may be, Mr. Davies, but I submit it is not the stuff out of which concentration camps are made.

I only want to add that, despite my partial disagreement with Prof. Davies (and if he errs, he errs on the right side), the book contains one of the most useful and readable, as well as scholarly reviews of the various positions Christian thinkers have held with regard to the Jewish people.

WEAK COCO

THE STAGE

While it makes not the slightest bit of difference to say so during Hepburn's incarnation, *Coco* (Chanel) is still the play lousy. The con just won't work. Despite the nine-year labor, the properly planned parenthood of Alan Jay Lerner, Cecil Beaton and Andre Previn, and the premature birth announcements all over the lot, the offspring is recognizably less than mountainous.

The particular mousiness of the production inheres in script and song. Mr. Lerner, who has never come back commensurately after *My Fair Lady*—e.g., *Camelot, On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*—has misappropriated the dramatic and lyrical funds of Coco for the sake of easy money sentiment. The life of Mademoiselle Coco Chanel is, of course, the stuff that musicals are made of. While retooling female fashions from Maison Chanel (the first with costume jewelry, pants, black dresses, etc.) the inventor of the No. 5 perfume was an intimate of Picasso and Cocteau, mistress to a procession of nobility and a household *cause célèbre* in France. The play itself takes off from Coco's second act in 1954 when she lunged out of retirement at 70 to reclaim her rightful turf in *haute couture*.

To humanize this grand success story, Lerner has gauchely pasted on a central identity crisis. Who is this old woman Coco who despises dependence on the other, who prefers business to love, confrontation to

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negotiation? Why she's just a little girl whose traveling salesman father promised but never showed up to see her in her confirmation dress. From that traumatic moment, hell was other people. Since this psychic stalemate cannot continue unchecked, someone has to penetrate the seven circles of Coco's defense. So Lerner brings in an ingenue from the provinces who tries out for Maison Chanel's second coming and swiftly moves into the role of foil for the boss' self-discovery.

While Coco relives the past with her provincial pygmalion, the latter's slick Parisian boyfriend is maneuvering to get his paramour out of the glamor industry. When two highly disposable songs (in the first act yet) don't do the trick, he leaves for Moscow with our best wishes. This embarrassing subplot intrudes again at the play's resolve when the gentleman returns to steal his friend away with a proposal (the Frenchman's ultimate capitulation) and thereby forces Coco to come to final terms with herself. Perhaps this is straight biography as told to Lerner but it looks like art doing a poor imitation of life.

Some minor embellishments, while less offensive than the ingenue caper, suffer from want of exigence. Must Coco's lawyer have mistress problems and insist on singing about them? Consider her assistant with the fatso daughter who constantly interrupts the proceedings with phone calls about her dietary practices. Or how about the doctor who practices golf and women? The nebbish secretary? Only one accretion vindicates itself—the conniving homosexual fitter impersonated by Rene Auberjonois, who is in the midst of an abortive coup of Maison Chanel until Coco retaliates with non-negotiable designs and throws the rascal out with his plastic bananas and bows.

Lerner's lyrics are deserving of the book. Trivial, immemorable and chichéd, they fatally pollute the show's atmosphere. Apart from a few energetic interludes when Lerner calls on his bread-and-butter ploy—the elegant, running couplet—the words fall effortly on the commonplace. Of Andre Previn's accompanying score, let nothing be said but evil. To the untrained eye, Cecil Beaton's costume renderings of Chanel originals seem equal to the real thing. Informed sources say, however, the job was botched by exuberance on Beaton's part. So it goes.

The staging extends unexpected consolation. The three Beaton sets—salon, apartment and model's dressing room—built back to back on a revolving floor device do passable separate service. But when they all merge into a spinning fashion wheel to show off Coco's extant works, that's bread and circuses. The choreography doesn't hurt either; nor does the dancing corpus of one Charlene Ryan who will no doubt graduate to higher things.

Katharine Hepburn stalks this unweeded garden like a great grounded condor, faking French, camping Chanel and growling the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of *"merde."* But can she sing? Don't be ridiculous. She doesn't have to sing to deliver the goods. Her voice, like Harrison's and Burton's, is sufficient to Lerner's talkathon lyrics. Hepburn's acting is another matter. As performer, she is apparently beyond good and evil. Hepburn is Hepburn, no more Coco than Dolly Levy. You either believe in her truth claims or you don't. But only the hard of heart leave *Coco* unconverted. A last warning—see it now. There will be no all-black *Coco*, no Phyllis Diller *Coco*, no Jack Benny drag *Coco*. For after Hepburn, there will be no *Coco*.

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THE ANNALS

THE SIXTIES — RADICAL CHANGE IN AMERICAN RELIGION

JAMES GUSTAFSON
Special Editor

In this volume experts will discuss all of the developments in American organized religion currently discernible, both internally and externally. (January 1970)

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BOOKS

U.S. foreign policy—the reasons why

The Age of Imperialism
HARRY MAGDOFF
Monthly Review Press, $6

The Roots of American Foreign Policy
GABRIEL KOLKO
Beacon Press, $5.95

The Economy of Death
RICHARD J. BARNET
Atheneum, $4.95

RICHARD B. Du BOFF

What makes Uncle Sam run—smack into Koreas, Dominican Republics, and Vietnams? How can we explain the disaster some call "American foreign policy"?

It is a welcome (if costly) sign of the times that all three of these books set out in search of *basic causes*. Gone is the willingness to dismiss the nightmares of the past two decades as results of well-meaning bungling, misguided righteousness, or an "irrational" crusade against Communism which could be brought to a halt if only we could get our policymakers to perceive and understand the sources of their "misconceptions."

Magdoff, Kolko, and Barnet all have their own approaches to U.S. foreign policy, but in his own way each lays bare what in essence is an amoral juggernaut bent on domination of friend and foe alike. All three agree that its sources are to be found not in a series of errors or aberrations, but in deeply rooted and well-defined *interests* —socio-economic for Kolko and Magdoff, politico-military for Barnet.

Both Magdoff and Kolko see the basic force behind this foreign policy as business expansion. For Magdoff, "there is a close parallel between, on the one hand, the aggressive U.S. foreign policy aimed at controlling (directly and indirectly) as much of the globe as possible, and, on the other hand, an energetic international expansionist policy of U.S. business." While not "*each and every* act of political and military policy" can be tied to economic motivations, the general thrust of American foreign policy over the past 7 or 8 decades, if it exists at all, comes from the search for more profits and investment opportunities, the desire for control over "major resource areas" (U.S. State Department nomenclature), and the effort to keep an Open Door everywhere else for potential *future* expansion. To state it another way, the economic hasn't been the *only* thread in our foreign policy—just the strongest and most continuous.

If that sounds like "vulgar Marxism," too bad; for, as Magdoff shows throughout his fifth chapter ("The American Empire and the U.S. Economy"), the chief exponents of such vulgar Marxism have long been the leaders of the American corporate and banking community. Furthermore, as Kolko illustrates in his first two chapters, their control over foreign policy has been direct and virtually unchallenged. The policies they have fashioned began with the competitive challenge thrown down in 1899 in the name of the "Open Door" and the persistent efforts of their statesmen to undo the British and French empires, old obstacles for the Yankee trader.

These policies were intertwined with the deep faith that export of the American business system, its institutions and its values, would "make the world safe for democracy" and lead us to "a rendezvous with destiny," to cite two examples of universalism and expansionism clothed in the lofty liberal rhetoric of the past 50 years. They were implemented from the very start by an unblinking readiness to resort to diplomatic and military counter-revolution when other means failed. And they have found permanent expression in the belief, oft-stated, that American business needs unrestricted economic *Lebensraum* and that U.S. "security" must consequently be considered in global terms. In short, a seamless-web integration of economics, politics, military action, and ideology guaranteed to make the world safe for American capitalism.

Magdoff's important contribution is to relate how America's leaders have created their empire, particularly in the wake of two world wars that enfeebled their European and Asian competitors. In 1945 U.S. direct investment abroad totalled $6 billion; today it approaches $70 billion. U.S. output abroad (resulting from direct and portfolio investments) plus U.S. merchandise exports —in other words, America's stake in foreign-based production and sales—grew from $54 billion in 1950 to $168 billion in 1964 and $235 billion in 1968; the latter figure was equal to two-fifths the domestic output of movable goods (the output of farms, factories, mines). From 1950 to 1965 earnings on foreign investment rose from 22 to 36 percent of the total profits of all domestic non-financial corporations. Over half of all industrial raw materials classified as "strategic" must now be imported in large proportions, 75 to 80 percent (chrome, cobalt, manganese, tin, nickel, bauxite); in only 23 of 97 critical raw materials is the United States considered self-sufficient. The message is crystal clear: the American economy, as presently structured, is crucially dependent upon its foreign economic activities.

While not meant to be an exhaustive treatment of all aspects of U.S. corporate operations abroad and of relations between developed and underdeveloped economies, Magdoff's account of the dynamics of our foreign political economy is so factual and so conclusive that never again will anyone, from liberal Keynesian economists to

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Spiro Agnew, be able to dismiss out of hand economic interest as a major force—*the* major long-run force, as I see it—behind U.S. foreign policy.

In two excellent chapters ("The Financial Network" and "Aid and Trade") Magdoff describes and explains the array of economic and financial control mechanisms built up since World War II: "tied" foreign aid programs, international loans and investments that promote American business penetration and increase the financial dependency of third world countries on the United States, a worldwide banking network that maintains the dollar as the key international reserve currency, control over the long-term loan policies of the World Bank (currently headed by Robert McNamara), and preponderant influence over the International Monetary Fund which can impose various types of financial discipline on nations that need short-term stabilization loans (mainly dollars) to pay for needed goods, services, and capital equipment imports. Together these represent a set of interlocking political-financial-economic controls unmatched in history, even by Britain during her imperialist heyday.

Kolko's *Roots of American Foreign Policy* is a necessary complement to *The Age of Imperialism*. Its analysis, more theoretical, goes one step further in examining foreign policy causation. Its most valuable chapter (1 and 2) deal with the actual political process through which policy is formulated, and their focus is on *who* makes the basic decisions.

"Business," for Kolko, "serves as the fount of critical assumptions or goals and strategically placed personnel . . . Foreign policy decision-makers are in reality a highly mobile sector of the American corporate structure, a group of men who frequently assume and define high level policy tasks in government, rather than routinely administer it, and then return to business." This assertion is supported by tabulations of the occupational origins of 234 individuals who held the 678 key foreign policy positions in the Departments of State, Defense, Treasury, and Commerce between 1944 and 1960. Men who came from corporate business, banking and investment houses, and law firms held three-fifths of the posts; only 45 of these men, shuttling between their private positions and four or more government posts, held nearly one-third of all posts.

This is the policy-making apparatus that leads Kolko to argue that "not a mythical 'military-industrial' complex but civilian authority and civilian-defined goals are the sources of American foreign and military policy—and the American malaise." Contrary to the idea making the rounds since President Eisenhower's 1961 farewell address, Kolko claims that a stronger case can be made for the *declining* importance of the military in decision-making. Civilian officials have been squarely behind every strategic decision taken since 1945, and most of the major weapons systems originated in the Research & Development divisions of corporations rather than in the demented brains of Pentagon Strangeloves.

Magdoff and Kolko are required reading for any student of American foreign policy. Less can be said for Barnet's *Economy of Death*. After exposing the absurdity of our megadeath-overkill arsenal, Barnet analyzes U.S. foreign policy through a "military-industrial complex" prism. He points to a group of "National Security Managers . . . experts in the management of crisis." They turn out to be the same characters as Kolko's "men of power"—Stimson, Acheson, Forrestal, Lovett, McCloy, Dulles, Harriman, Nitze, Dillon, Clifford, and Company; they are the products of the same banks, corporations, and Wall Street-Washington law firms. But while Kolko links these men to specific and identifiable class interests and economic policies, Barnet seems to take off in several directions. He grants that our crisis managers want "to protect the globe from revolutionary change" and that in the final analysis "national security means nothing more complicated than making sure that the American Way of Life continues undisturbed by foreign challengers." He agrees too that civilians, not generals and admirals, "have been in charge of national security policy." Exactly *what* this policy is, however, what its goals are, what its practitioners hope to accomplish and what their origins and motivations might be—this is never made clear.

Barnet's argument is fuzzy and unfocused. Important questions that Kolko at least asks aren't raised. If any one theme stands out, it is not that of a business-oriented ruling class pursuing economic expansion and formulating military policy as a means toward that end, but instead that of a militarism-cum-bureaucracy machine, which emerged from World War II "to a position of command over the resources of a whole society." Its chieftains "see the accumulation of power as an end in itself"—military and administrative power, apparently.

This thesis resembles Seymour Melman's "state capitalist managerial machine" and, even more, Juan Bosch's "Pentagonist" bureaucracy. It suffers from the same weakness. The military-industrial complex, however real it may be, is not a policy-making body. Barnet produces no evidence to show that it is; in fact he doesn't even try. He does furnish us with a very useful guide to the fantastic inner workings of the military-industrial complex. But his own account underscores the point that this layer of the American power structure is a post-1941 subsystem, created by the civilian superstructure. It has its own power hierarchy, with the Pentagon at the top and the major defense contractors at the bottom, its own cost-profit calculus, its own (perverted) technology. There is, of course, substantial feedback between this subsystem and its civilian business vanguard, but by and large its militarized functionaries, both in and out of uniform, remain just that—functionaries, with neither the means, imagination, nor inclination to usurp the throne.

Scant evidence exists, moreover, that the civilian superstructure has "lost control" of its military arm, or that it has decided to pare down the weight

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of the military so the Government can "redirect national priorities." That idyllic prospect is not being "blocked" by the military-industrial complex; it is simply being stifled by neglect on the part of the business elite, who remain in control of the most powerful levers of the Executive branch of the Federal Government and seem prepared to see our cities rot, our environment become sickeningly polluted, our landscape transformed into one gigantic Disneyland-Interstate-80-parking-lot-jetport of continental proportions, and the best of our youth become increasingly embittered and rebellious. To reallocate resources so as to recast national priorities would be to call into question not only the whole direction of our foreign policy, but also the "high mass consumption" ethos of our domestic life.

One implies the other. For 25 years American power has stood astride most of the world, distorting the global allocation of resources to serve the giant "multinational" corporations which draw their sustenance from spiraling consumption levels here at home and from the promise that American consumption patterns will, sooner or later, be copied in Western Europe and everywhere else. When they are, our corporations will stand ready to serve them. Meanwhile, half the world's annual output of critical, nonrenewable resources and one-third of its total production go toward satisfying the consumption aspirations of 6 percent of the world's population that happens to be American. And the consumption appetites of our countrymen aren't slackening. Far from it; they're becoming positively gargantuan.

What future awaits the American empire? Magdoff leaves this question unasked; Barnet and Kolko do not. Barnet offers activist prescriptions for breaking the military-industrial stranglehold over our resources. Liberal reformist in nature, they comprise educational campaigns and pressure group tactics by students, members of Congress, un-Pentagonized businessmen whose own interests suffer under the weight of an expanding military spending sector, and, finally, "the nation's leading scientists and technologists" (Galbraith's "technostructure"?). Eventually they could spearhead a National Conversion Commission, with broad powers to begin converting the Economy of Death to the Economy of Life.

Kolko, by contrast, feels that since our foreign policy and domestic resources allocation are rooted in the social structure and its "business-defined consensus," liberal reformism is condemned to remaining a set of well-meaning aims lacking in political reality and cutting edge. The best road lies in radicalization that avoids the snares of both "confrontation" tactics and purely self-redemptive acts. What is needed are coherent theory and analysis that will help expose the destructive and inhuman features of the American social order. "Action today based on convenient and comforting myths and assumptions beclouds the clear vision that will be required when profound social change is again possible in the United States . . . America, in this view, is both dreams and traps, and all that is certain is that the structure of the world makes it only inevitable that America will change."

Keep the River on Your Right

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM

Grove Press, $5.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Tobias Schneebaum is a New York painter, who, after leaving the army at the end of World War II, studied under Rufino Tamayo in Mexico. There he became increasingly interested in archaeology and anthropology, spending three years mostly away from urban centers. In 1955 he was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship to study painting in Peru and this book describes some of his adventures there. He took a 40-cent twelve-hour truck ride from Cuzco to Pasniquti, where the jungle begins; this was his outlay for an eighteen-month stay among primitive tribes.

His brief account of his Eden—whence more than four rivers flow—is admirably written. Why, and how, do painters write so effortlessly well? How few professional writers can match Leonardo Da Vinci's notebooks, Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, Blake's poems or Van Gogh's letters? One can only groan greenly reading Tobias Schneebaum's uncluttered, muted prose. But his book is not merely well-written.

It is important for at least three reasons. First, it proves that if a white man is truly pacific, carries not even a penknife, and has no fear—for if he is afraid, even if he doesn't show it, a primitive person, like an animal, will smell his fear—he can live happily and safely among headhunters, cannibals, you name them. Secondly, it emphasizes what Claude Levi-Strauss and Jacques Servier have affirmed, and what all earlier travelers denied, that cannibalism is a ritual eating and human flesh not a scarcity nor even a preferential food. For Tobias, as did also the above-mentioned Frenchmen, sees anthropophagy as a eucharist. Most important of all, Tobias Schneebaum proves Levi-Strauss' dictum that "if there are laws anywhere, there are laws everywhere." One of these laws is that time is irreversible, that no one—not even Mr. Schneebaum—can go back home to Eden. Home if it exists, is in the opposite direction, as Krishna (*pace* T. S. Eliot) apostrophized Arjuna on the battlefield: "Not farewell, but fare forward."

For the first eight days of Tobias Schneebaum's journey he walked through the jungle, keeping the river on his right. He learned to avoid the light-barked trees where the soldier ants lived, and the fiercer, smaller red ants; to back out of paca, rather than to struggle with it; to eat two pieces of farina a day, which, when he drank water, swelled so he felt only vaguely hungry. "The trail was half through jungle, half through undergrowth, two or three kilometers of pushing through the undergrowth, two or three of walking along the beach, and always the crossing of rivers. . . . I stamped down a square of jungle and slept with the large elephant ears (leaves) over me

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in case of rain. Or, clearing away stones, I slept on the warm sand of the beach. . . . Walking became pure joy." After eight days, he could have gone on endlessly, alone in the incredible forest he was coming to understand. A jaguar drank close to him; armadillos peeked at him, monkeys followed; he saw snakes, white herons and many-colored parrots. When he saw smoke and realized he had reached the mission he was headed for, he reacted with both delight and disappointment.

At the mission were Father Moiseis, who had been there forty years, his white beard now down to his chest, and Manolo, who had fled war-torn Spain, and Hermano, whose parents had been killed in an explosion in a mining town near Lake Titicaca. There were also the mission Indians, who wore clothes and were fed. Father Moiseis loved them, but, as Manolo put it "he can't see the people here as they are, only as he hopes they are." Father Moiseis scolded Tobias for scrubbing nude in the river, saying "we do not show ourselves" but that same night, in the moonlight, Tobias saw men and women, naked, swimming, sitting in the sand, lying in the shallow water. Tobias decides to stay "somewhere within this jungle for the rest of my days" (he was 35).

Then one day Wassen comes, the oldest Indian Tobias had ever seen. Wassen described how the Akaramas came, and killed and ate all his people. Tobias writes: "I was scared to death. They are a people. They live in a place . . . and I would like to see them . . . the decision was made the moment . . . I knew that out there in the forest were other peoples more primitive, other jungles wilder, other worlds that existed that needed my eyes to look at them. My first thought was: I'm going; the second thought: I'll stay there. No coming back ever."

A wave to Father Moiseis, a ciao to Manolo and four days later, Tobias had found his Akaramas and knew that he was alive and "here right now." He shed his clothes; his body was painted; he learned to kill birds with bow and arrow and was completely utterly blissful. Until one day there

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was what appeared to be just another hunting trip, when, freshly painted, Tobias went with twenty-three companions to a village not their own. "We ran into a fire-lit hut and animal arrows in front of my eyes were used as spears, and axes split into skulls. No time was passing, but seven men lay there dead, bellies and chests open, still pouring out hot blood, heads crushed and dripping brain. . . . The bowels of the men had opened and their feces oozed out and mixed with their blood. They stared at me, the dead, with their eyes wide or half-opened."

One body from each hut was brought out, the heads were cut off and thrown away, the viscera removed, folded into leaves, and kept, torso and limbs tied to poles. Later, "fires were burning in the open, and human flesh was already roasting." The Akaramas danced and danced all night, and "I took a piece of meat and ate and swallowed and ate some more and entered the dance." One Akarama bit into a heart "as if it were an apple, taking a large bite, almost half the heart, and chewed down several times, spit it into a hand, separated the meat into six sections and placed some into the mouths of each of us. We chewed and swallowed. He did the same with the other half of the heart."

This is what in 1840 David Cargill described the Fiji islanders as doing: they chewed the hearts as "some chew tobacco": on the occasion in question forty men were slain, roasted and eaten. The Fiji islanders however, ate human flesh not sacramentally but for pleasure: "long pig" as they called it, being their favorite food; their king would eat no other. On occasion, they would make the victim eat part of his own roasted arm before cooking the man alive. Australian natives too had a habit of giving a son his own father to eat. As late as 1564—the year of Shakespeare's birth, the Turks who killed the Polish hero Wiswiecki ate him. Today's Mexicans insist that the 20,000 victims sacrificed daily by the Aztecs were all eaten—the priests ate the heart, the populace the rest, they declare this holocaust was made necessary because of the lack of protein in the Aztec diet. Nobel prize-winning poet Alexis Leger has a story of anthropophagy by three torpedoed men in World War II, who acquired thereby a taste for human flesh. Recently a missionary priest described how a New Guinea cannibal convert, faced with choosing between his three wives before he could be baptised a Catholic, ate two, and thereafter became an exemplary and monogamous parishioner.

But Tobias did not leave because he had remorse. Rather because his dearest friend, Darinimbiak, got dysentery; others of his savage friends fell ill so he decided to go with them to the Mission to seek medicine. He, with his sick, went with "others of our sleeping compartment" bringing Father Moiseis gifts; six baby howler monkeys, a six-weeks-old jaguar, three parrots, two pink owls. On arrival at the Mission, they found Wassen was dead, Manolo had disappeared, Hermano was in love. Darinimbiak died in Tobias' arms, but not before Father Moiseis had baptized him, in a grisly scene, after threatening him with hell-fire. Manolo had left his writings behind for Tobias; he had followed him into the jungle, and been killed and eaten by the Akaramas.

Tobias now took *his* Akaramas home, but he found life was not the same. "I am a cannibal" he concludes "but I am not a savage." So one day he took French leave, when all were gone out on, who knows, another murderous raid. When he walked back into Pasniquiti, naked, painted, bearded, at first "There was fear of me"—he had long been supposed dead. But Tobias found himself as he had been before he left long days, long months, ago "going out to look for the same self I always was." And that self includes more than 5000 years of acknowledging the validity of, among other injunctions, dietary laws.

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REVIEWERS

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The Quiet Rebels The Story of the Quakers in America

MARGARET H. BACON

Basic Books, $5.95

GERALD P. FOGARTY

Margaret Bacon's *Quiet Rebels* is a brief, interesting, and well illustrated introduction to the Society of Friends or Quakers in America. She writes as an avowed Quaker; yet she is objective in her treatment. Her purpose is not to proselytize, but to impart information about one of the smallest, yet most dynamic, religious groups in America. As the title of her book indicates, however, she favors that aspect of Quakerism found in those who have expressed their total commitment to Christ and their fidelity to the inner light through non-conformity with the world.

After explaining the structure of and statistics for the three major groups of Quakers, Miss Bacon devotes the first part of her book to their history up to the early nineteenth century. The Society of Friends originated in the confused religious environment of seventeenth-century England and grew out of the distaste of many for the established Church of England. From these dissidents in 1652 George Fox won a large number of adherents to the vision that Scriptures record man's previous contact with God's revelation and that man could still obtain revelation if he opened his heart to Christ.

In 1652 two Quaker women arrived in Boston, but they were quickly banished by the Puritans intent on maintaining their delicate balance between interior conviction of faith and external authority. Four years later, Mary Dyer, whose statue now stands in front of the Massachusetts State House, challenged her sentence to exile and returned to Boston to be hanged. Only

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in two colonies did Quakers find real toleration: Rhode Island, where they eventually constituted a majority, and Pennslyvania, where William Penn, himself a Quaker, established his "Holy Experiment" with religious freedom. All men possessed the "inner light," the Quakers believed; therefore, the Indians were to be respected and paid for land. This policy kept their relations with the Indians peaceful, but also won the charge that they and the Indians were allied.

Participation in Pennsylvania government, says Miss Bacon, occasioned one of the lasting dilemmas for Quakers: how to be involved in the affairs of the world without compromising their principles. Rather than vote taxes for Indian wars, Quakers resigned from the colonial legislature; rather than bear arms or pay taxes, they raised money to negotiate peace. In this colonial experience Miss Bacon finds many similarities with contemporary Quaker pacifist activity.

Like other denominations, Quakers have been influenced by social and cultural change. The revival of the early nineteenth century led many urban Friends to adopt evangelical methods and to formulate a credal criterion for membership. When Quakers of the old quietist school, led by Elias Hicks, a Long Island farmer, challenged the imposition of set doctrine, the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1821 split into the "Orthodox" and "Hicksite" factions. Ten years later, Joseph J. Gurney, a visiting Englishman, further divided the "Orthodox" on the issues of evangelism and the institution of church services.

In the second part of her book Miss Bacon treats a series of topics centered on Quaker attitudes toward social change. She traces their work for the abolition of slavery from its beginnings before the Revolution to its height under such leaders as James and Lucretia Mott and John Greenleaf Whittier. The majority of Quakers feared this active concern with the world; yet, Quaker abolitionists certainly were in the forefront of the movement. Other socially-minded Quakers continued their work with the Indians, drew up imaginative programs for prison reform, and established the first private mental hospital in the United States. But perhaps their greatest achievement was the foundation in 1917 of the American Friends Service Committee to relieve the victims of war. In 1947 the AFSC, together with its English affiliate, the Friends Service Council of London, received the Nobel Peace Prize.

Quakers likewise made significant contributions to the arts and sciences, but especially education. Despite early reservations about college and university training, by the mid-nineteenth century they had founded some of the nation's leading institutions of higher learning, including Swarthmore and Haverford.

In any such book, there will be shortcomings. Miss Bacon's interspersing of historical with topical narrative results in some unnecessary repetition. While she admits, especially in the final chapter, that most contemporary Quakers reflect the political and ideological views of most other Americans, her own preference for activism fails to give a completely accurate picture of Quaker religious beliefs. Finally, while she did not intend to write a scholarly book, some citation of her sources would have been helpful for the reader interested in following up on some points. She does, however, include a good bibliography and the book could well be used in a college survey of American religious history.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 547)

church meetings would be necessary in any diocese to decide on action relating to people who have taken seriously the ideas presented in *Pacem in Terris*. Particularly does this seem strange in a diocese such as Washington where obedience to *Humanae Vitae* seemed to allow for no such discussion.

In the same issue of *Commonweal* Russell W. Gibbons, quoting an organizer of Local 1199 in "High Noon in the Hospital," speaking of union recognition at Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh says, "We expect Mercy to be the toughest nut," and again, "The hard line against unions has been restated by the Catholic Hospital Association, and two smaller Catholic Institutions in the Pittsburgh area locked out service employees and broke strikes within the past year." How does such action interpret the church's encyclicals on labor?

Just what is the case for encyclicals?

If, in obeying *Humanae Vitae*, Catholic couples bring children into the world, can they not rightfully expect, at least from Catholic institutions, a living wage and human dignity for the father of that family in his work situation? Is it a debatable question that

"IT'S OVER. *Let us offer thanks/ To British planes and Russian tanks./ The oil, so precious to the health/ Of Britain and the Commonwealth,/ Is safe again with British Shell./ The Ibos may not fare so well./ But Harold Wilson says he'll chide/ All victors bent on genocide./ It's curious: Above the stench,/ Untypically, stand the French.*"

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they join others in seeking peace on earth and be welcomed by their own church in so doing?

It would seem that "Love of God and Neighbor" sweeps away debatable complexities and faces directly questions of family, peace, and justice as Christ intended that they should be faced, that is, as prayer.

SISTER MYRA STRATTON, B.V.M.

Free Priests

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Development of a more effective, pluriform ministry in the church could well be served by the kind of cooperation between the Society of Priests for a Free Ministry and groups in the established church that is expressed by Eugene C. Bianchi in his rationale for a free ministry [Jan. 23rd]. But the presentation is disappointing in many ways. First, Bianchi undermines that cooperation by his characterization of alternatives to the free ministry.

1. Is it "adulation of law and order" to favor institutional development of varieties of ministry and of married clergy, as opposed to separatist initiation of these? (I would also be interested in documentation of the statement that "the most progressive periods of church history" were not marked by this attention to institutional development.)

2. When one recognizes that there are other church forms and, therefore, other ministries, why is it "ecumenically insulting" to insist on episcopal validation of ministry in the Roman church? Further, it is not at all clear why the priest in the free ministry is not likewise validated through his ordination.

3. Is all theoretical work on the priesthood done by scripture scholars and theologians "ivory tower analysis" and is all free experimentation a matter of *learning* by doing?

More importantly, however, Bianchi does little to establish his case. To say that the SPFM priest is "freer" and enjoys "*greater* self-determination" does not seem to do justice to either group of priests. As I understand it the SPFM priest is free and completely self-determinative since the sole proviso of acceptance by a community is easily met. The priest who remains under the bishop is also free in many respects (with too many obvious exceptions), so that there is much room for "creative dissent" in the church. Moreover, the minister's functions as described do nothing to establish why the ordained man should be the priest of a free community, since in each case what is asserted can well be done by other members of the community, as far as Bianchi's explanation takes us. This leaves us with a man characterized by qualities associated with the sensitivity movement: an "enabler," a "catalyst," a "guru," who "sensitizes" and "awakens."

My feeling is that the problem lies in failure to explore thoroughly the meaning of ordination and obscuring that failure by using the expression "specially ordained." It may be that the kind of progress we need lies in recognition of priesthood as a function rather than as an ontological condition one acquires. Reference to the need for "experience and wisdom" as validating the continuing ministry of the dispensed priest does little to dispel the impression that the case finally rests on the essentialist theological position. I look forward to more precise discussion of this matter. (REV.) PHILLIP J. MURNION

REPLY

I am grateful for Fr. Philip J. Murnion's critical reflection on my article on free ministry. I get the impression, however, that Murnion has deeper, unarticulated feelings against the free ministry movement than he reveals in his theological objections. I say this because he tends to judge my points in a consistently pejorative way rather than allow for positive interpretations that seem obvious enough. But since it is very difficult to explore that complex area of feelings and fears in which another basically stands, I will attempt some brief answers to his charges.

1. My article praised institutional re-

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forms within the official church toward a more diversified ministry. SPFM does not consider itself "separatist." It can be shown historically that many reform movements (liturgical, biblical, ecumenical) often started in para-legal or unapproved ways. Progressive periods of church history are also concerned with institutional development; it is a question of emphasis. Which of these two eras was most concerned with law and order in the church: the decade following the Catholic Modernist crisis or the Vatican II decade? Which was the more progressive?

2. Perhaps it would have been better to say that it is ecumenically inconsistent to understand the validation of ministry exclusively by relation to Catholic bishops. This aspect of evaluating ministry has been exaggerated in our church. I do not want to eliminate episcopal validation, but, by a more ecumenical reflection, I would like to broaden the factors involved in validating ministry even in the Roman Catholic church.

3. Murnion's statement about "ivory tower analysis" is a good example of looking for the pejorative interpretation. A free ministry priest does enjoy greater self-determination in at least two ways: he can determine to marry and he can more independently and fully plan where and with whom he will work and live.

Finally, Fr. Murnion wants to keep that secure and clear distinction between priest and layman. He is not happy that terms like "enabler" and "catalyst" may also be used for others in the community. But if he is serious about moving from an ontological to a more functional understanding of priesthood, he will have to accept the overlapping of all gifts and qualities among the ordained and the unordained. In a more functional understanding of ministry, some persons will be specially trained and commissioned to coordinate certain functions (e.g. liturgy) for the community, but their priesthood will not be "ontologically" (in the sense of the scholastic tradition) superior to the priesthood of all believers. EUGENE C. BIANCHI

Jesuit Education

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Looking back upon my high school days, I realize the profound effect that the Jesuits have had upon my life since then, both as a college student and as a Christian. ["The Jesuit High School" Jan. 30].

As a high school senior, however, I tended to judge Christian growth in terms of a renewed faith in the "Catholic Religion," which meant an allegiance to a theological and moral concept which I could not understand, much less accept. In other words, I felt that if I looked at more girlie magazines as a senior than as a freshman my Christianity had diminished in those four years. I might add that my views were quite typical.

My point, therefore, is that as a senior I was a very poor judge of the growth and development which I had attained and would continue to attain as a result of my Jesuit education.

JOSEPH MACK
Fairfield Prep '66

Tracy's Flintstone

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Phil Tracy's "Cold Night In Flint" [Jan. 23] certainly didn't serve as a Pepto-Bismol tablet into the guts of the world.

Mr. Tracy writes as though Andrew Devlin hasn't heard of the negative side of the ledger for the past decade. The "poor kid *has* heard. Instead of sneering from his armchair in suburbia he *is* moving forward, despite (perhaps because of) the injustices and senseless killings of the sixties.

"Cold Night In Flint" leaves the impression that the needle is permanently stuck on "Sounds of Silence" and "Masters of War" as music representative of the decade. I'd like to think that "Give Peace A Chance" and "Get Together" are taking over in the Top 40's department.

DIANA KOZIUPA

Scottsville, N.Y.

To the Editors: *Poor* Holden Caulfield Tracy. . . . *Commonweal* is slipping.

RUTH NILSEN

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: This correspondence is directed to Phil Tracy with reference to his *Cold Night in Flint* [January 23].

Mr Tracy: You purport to be the friend of the black man in his struggle for equality. Opportunity for that equality rests in the minds of the white men, for it is within the white man that the problem exists. Only when the white man ceases to be a racist (consciously and unconsciously) will equality reign. You are distinctly promulgating racism by insinuating that the degeneracy of Flint is evidenced by an increase in the non-white population. It's as though you are saying that black people pollution is synonymous with air pollution, water pollution and unemployment. That's the way it comes across—regardless of your intentions.

ROSEMARY GEMPERLE

REPLY: *Touché.* PHIL TRACY

Harvard and the Mafia

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: When *Commonweal* high-mindedly argues that the FBI has no right to publicize illegally monitored Mafia phone calls [Jan. 23], liberals of course have to agree.

But last spring, when the Harvard SDS broke into a dean's office, rifled his files, and published some of his letters, John Deedy found it amusing and even reprinted one of the letters himself [May 16]. Harvey Cox hoped the faculty would not "hide behind procedural issues" [May 9].

Does *Commonweal* seriously believe the Harvard administration is worse than the Mafia and less deserving of legal protection? JAMES HITCHCOCK

REPLY: Does Mr. Hitchcock seriously believe that the Harvard SDS poses as much a threat to civil liberties as the FBI? What is at issue are the illegal and extralegal activities of an agency sworn to uphold legality. Mr. Hitchcock raises more of a debater's point than a valid argument. THE EDITORS

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Then and Even Now

THE FOUNDERS' times were clearly more optimistic than our own post-Auschwitz, post-Hiroshima, post-Vietnam age. . . . It was, the [first] editors wrote, "unquestionably a clear social duty for Catholics to contribute to the efforts now being made by all men and women of good will, to bring peace upon earth, brotherhood among men, happiness to all peoples, and prosperity, good order, and the fruits of civilization —art, beauty, and culture—to our nation."

Times have changed immeasurably; civic society, the church and our understanding of the church are drastically different. Thus in the four and one-half decades since the first issue, various editors have conceived of the role of the magazine in different ways and somewhat differing terms. . . . On such questions differences of opinion are at once inevitable and helpful.

Nonetheless, certain basic things about *Commonweal* are constant. To use the words of the first editors: peace on earth, brotherhood among men, happiness, and prosperity, the fruits of civilization, art, beauty and culture—on such broad goals we can certainly all agree, even though their accomplishment seems harder to us than it did 45 years ago. . . .

—Editorial, *Commonweal's* 45th Anniversary Issue

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